

DRUM

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Imogine Lewis

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Alrundus Hart

Photography

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Paul Barrows

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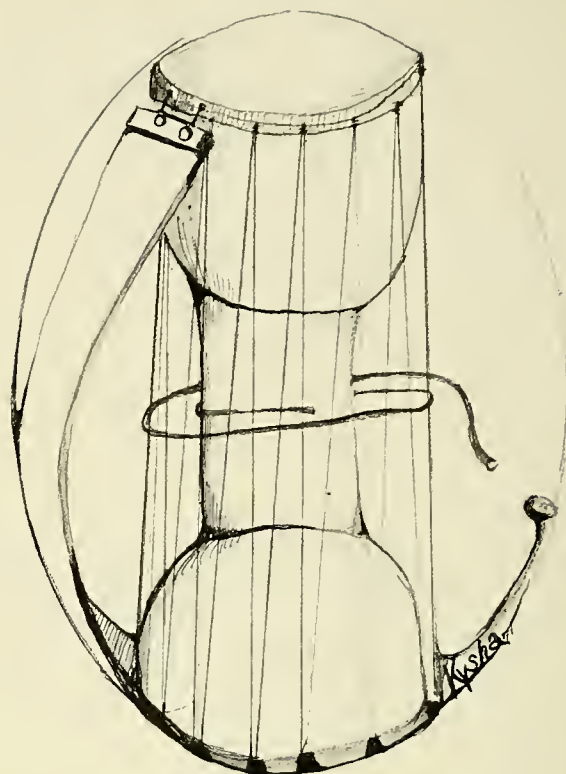
Editor's Note: This page will see many new names next year (including a new Editor, refer to acknowledgements). We urge you all to support the staff by making your literary contributions, thus making their job easier.

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Congratulations to CCEBS Seniors

The Drum extends a warm congratulations to the graduating class of CCEBS seniors. To those students who have more than paid their dues against all kinds of odds. Do you remember? Of course you remember: "orientation," the first CCEBS welcome meeting, our first mid-semester grades, our "sit-in," our first "flunk-out" list, our tutors, the observing white eyes, our parties, the "hill," the "bowl," your first semester year as an experiment. Of course you remember!! You remember these and many other nostalgic events. We were united then. Weren't we? We still are, if by nothing more than our common experiences, frustrations, joys, sadnesses, defeats and victories of that first year. Again, we sincerely wish you the best of luck in your future endeavors.
Congratulations, CCEBS seniors,
Staff of the Drum.

Editorial

If it is true that Black students are now going through college to go back to the Black community, then what is it that we are learning here that is so vital to us. Can it be the Americanization process of brainwashing that our folks back home need? Could it be the corrections of the fallacies that "our" history books taught us? Or could it be that the only thing the folks back home need, is the assurance that we did battle with the fallacies, that we fought the Americanization in order to get back home.

What the people are looking for are not messiahs or martyrs, but warriors. The last Dude that came to save his people was crucified. Then came Malcolm and Martin and folks sat back and let these men fight the battles for them. But warriors don't fight for the people; they fight with them; and when warriors come back home, the folks have to fight for themselves, and the things that the people want come to be. What makes warriors different from messiahs or martyrs?

Warriors are not above the community. They come from among the people and the things that they fight for, are those things that all the people fight for, i.e., community control of community actions and welfare. Warriors never leave the community. They are like craftsmen; a carpenter does not leave his wood to study four years away from it, and expect to come back and be a better carpenter. The warrior realizes, as does the carpenter, that in order to be better, one continues working with the wood as he defines his mathematics, to make his dimensions more precise; as he enlarges his history to relate his work to others in the past, as he increases his power of linguistics to help teach, that which he has learned, to fellow warriors.

In other words, it is a growing belief that a student cannot talk of returning home without having studied and worked with people while in school. There cannot be any proof of theories without practical application. Students must get involved in the same things in which the people are involved. There must be the same pressure on the students that the Tenants Rights workers face. The student must feel the same fears that the voter registration worker feels. He or she must experience frustrations and defeats as any other half-way house worker, or prison reformer would. Because, when the "warrior comes home" with his "education," he must be able to relate this learning to the people in such a way that they might convert it to working, dealing energy.

To those of us who are optimistically saying that Black students come here to learn and then return home and teach, I say that we had better be about getting the tools for the carpenters, or the weapons for the warriors, so that when they go back home, they will be seasoned. If we do not start with ourselves, now, we will find more and more students coming to Amherst to "steal away" only to find that "There is no hiding place down here."

HERMAN DAVENPORT

THE MAKING OF OUR LIBERATION

In black communities throughout the United States today a historical liberation struggle continues. It is a struggle that involves many people in daily routines, values, goals, and problem solving attempts which might be considered to be quite other than revolutionary in the rhetorical sense, but which are based on the essentials of survival and accompanying perceptions of fulfillment. Sometimes, and in some persons, this means accommodation or submitting to the prevailing organized system, while "moving up" within it or in duplication of it. Other times, and in other persons, protest, resistance, and rebellion are foremost attitudes and actions, accompanied by attempts to develop new designs, new institutions and systems. Of course some persons are apparently uncommitted to a posture, but in any case the prospect of change has not been abandoned.

The kind of change prospects to which black people will respond might depend upon whether or not particular advocates can produce practical results. Present and past indications regarding social movements reveal that much of a movement's initial success depends upon its ability to provide benefits, solve problems, and answer questions for its people—especially for the uncommitted. It seems reasonable to assume that the overriding considerations for the black community, along with "what goals should we pursue," are what can group A or professor B, or student C do for us? What can they show us and what can they help us do for ourselves?"

Meanwhile, back on the campuses of academia, black people are heavily engaged in doing the traditional academic thing and/or in erecting new conceptual models for social application. This, too, is part of the historic struggle.

However, here is where many of the hoped-for and

expected answers or solutions remain unaccessible to the community outside. When values, goals, ideologies, conceptual models, etc. are accepted and put forward by individuals or groups, one of the most crucial questions that remains to be answered is, "How and where do we begin the process of doing and being whatever we say we are about?" Surely concepts must be thoroughly analyzed and clearly articulated, but such analysis and articulation must also immediately provide the workable answers or functional guides demanded by black people in the communities.

When we elaborate upon the political and cultural significance of the communications media, for example, too often the chapter on how to obtain and maintain a radio station is omitted. When collective finance and cooperative housing ideas accepted by community groups as being desirable short range alternatives—possible steps toward Ujaama—they are frequently left without instruction about the steps needed for implementation.

Furthermore since implementation is essential tasks in the process of constructing viable institutions which will provide for the spiritual and cultural, material and political needs of the people, we must develop competence in it; we must become more adept at fulfilling our ideas, as well as at developing them.

The ability to conceive, when isolated from the practice—the act of application—is no more functional than sterility; only the existence of potential in the former allows a distinction to be cited and we cannot afford to rest on our potentials in this case.

Such questions today are especially crucial for those persons who have taken the path of liberation rather than accommodation, those who in increasing numbers are about the tasks of defining, designing and generat-

A PREACHMENT

ing alternate life systems and new power relationships. They are vital questions for those who are engaged in the nation-building requirements that are concerned with representative political process, collective leadership, and collective economics, rather than the individualism and plutocracy of an imperialistic profit system; and they are certainly and especially important for those who have developed a Pan-African and Third World perspective.

Failure to provide some of the answers now, and not merely failure to take on the tasks, can seriously jeopardize the imminent emergence of a self-determined, progressive people, effectively eliminating the realization of Uhuru,—not to mention Ujaama. Such failure among black scholars could relegate them to the position of being an impotent intellectual elite who will have had all credibility and confidence stolen from them by others who were willing and able to answer some of the questions and “solve” some of the practical problems of the black populace. The present threat of entrenched anti-intellectual and re-actionary attitudes among our people could then grow into reality.

The obvious danger here is that the field remains wide-open to opportunists generally and to agents of accommodation and the colonial system specifically. As the saying goes, “if one won’t, then the other will.” The history of the federal War on Poverty, with its many agencies, guidelines, dollars, and programs provides ample evidence of the neutralization, and outright co-optation of various elements of the liberation movement in recent years; and in one form or another this kind of colonial apparatus will probably continue. If such institutions go uncontested regarding the ability and availability to answer some of the basic (and often routine) how to do it questions then they will continue to gain the attention of people who are willing to move

into action seeking practical direction, find no other available resource.

Along with the analysis of our condition, redefinition of values, and the articulation of concepts, we, as students and teachers, must emphasize the examination of structures and processes—both existing and envisioned—and make the information readily accessible to the black community at large. More immediately we must include at the earliest point in our process of nation building, academic activity that lends itself to the study and practice of implementation procedures. Our course designs research, participant—observer field work, lectures, and seminars can begin on the undergraduate and community levels, to bridge the gap between idea and action.

The articles that appear in this issue of DRUM are expressions of some of the recent efforts by black people in the five college area to learn by doing, to serve as a change agent, while, at the same time sharpening the skills and understanding for future struggle. The accounts given by the authors in these articles reveal some of the need for our answering the how to do it questions, and that community field work projects can be a starting point.

Scholarship and activism in good effective combination provides an energy, a resource in and of itself, which can be drawn up and extended by all who are engaged in the learning process. The task of creating the designs and launching upon such combinations is what we are now about, and this must speak to the same questions that the activities themselves will be devoted to—how do we do it and where do we begin.

Melvin W. Smith

W.E.B. DuBois Department
of Afro-American Studies

A BLACK COMMUNITY

"The dark ghettos are social, political, educational and—above all—economic colonies. Their inhabitants are subject people, victims of greed, cruelty, insensitivity, guilt and fear of their masters."

Dark Ghetto Dr. Kenneth Clark

Within black communities, North and South, politics is the tool presently being used to bring about a full consciousness of black oppression and lead blacks to the state of equality and liberation. Politics has been referred to as "the art of the possible" but for blacks politics has been proven the art of the impossible. It will remain this way as long as political power is in the hands of whites who take the support of blacks without identifying with them and blacks remain protagonists from the outside against the whole political system. In view of this, one must contemplate the possibility of blacks making a social revolution within a political framework that is designed to prevent radical social and economic change.

On June 15, 1971 four students from the Five-College Black Community arrived at the Delta Ministry office in Greenville, Mississippi. We were prepared to spend the summer observing and participating in a community outside of our academic enclave in hopes of finding ways to involve ourselves in the development of the larger black community. After a summer in communities where the evils of America are completely undisguised and the people's lives are an unending fight for survival, I shed many illusions and replaced them with insights into the potentialities of Blacks that must become realities. Throughout the summer I worked with organizations and people within the community who are striving for unity, self-determination, collective work, responsibility and cooperative economics for the purpose of creating or restoring self pride and manifesting long denied rights within the Black community. From my experiences I will try to relate what is happening and what needs to be done for the liberation of our souls.

I spent most of my time in Canton, Mississippi which is in Madison County, one of the counties in the central hill region of the state. In the hill region the delta planter has been substituted by the hillbilly "redneck," "peckerwood," or "peckerhead" and its rural isolation has been reduced by the growth of towns, the development of transportation, communication and industry and the extension of education. Madison County is among the Mississippi counties with a black majority in population and registration figures (63% population and 72% registered voters).

Like most southern counties, Madison is also under the southern "feudal" system in which a small number of whites hold the political and economic power. And most important, a portion of it must be used to maintain the local officials who keep this system with varying degrees of force. Canton is one of Mississippi's small urban industrial centers that is a supply center for the surrounding agricultural regions. This town has been adequately described by William "Smokey" Wood in the following essay written for an English Composition course.

My home town

Is Canton, Mississippi

It is located in Central Miss., and is said to be one of the finest shopping centers.

I think you know about this so called friendly town.

Whenever I'm coming home

and look at that sign that says "Welcome to Friendly Canton"

I know that sign was meant for someone not me.

I was glad when you asked us to write about our home town,

because I want someone else to know of its evils.

This town is so evil

until you can see it in the white men's eyes.

It is some men around here that know me personally that are clansmen,

take for instance the Sheriff,

we been knowing each other since I was 4 yrs. old

going to his grocery store with a penny for bubble gum

Would these men kill me if they got a chance?

I wish I knew the answer.

I will tell you about my people of the town:

My people make the white man treat us like this.

If any decent white man would ride down North Hickory Street on a Saturday Night one could see what I mean.

I will attempt to describe what goes on
down this rat hole:
This place is called the "Hollow"
because it is a narrow street. It (left side)
contains a

sandwich shop	On the right side
cola stand	it is full of the
honky tonk cafe	same thing mainly
barber shop	cafes.
low down blues playing cafe	
funeral shop	
and a fish shop.	

The foundation for every sort of disorder from murder
to rape.

People come here (some) for one purpose, that is to
get drunk.

Dressed in overalls, white shorts and red socks.

Some women in after five dresses

loud colors with high heels

I won't forget the old men either

sitting around on the streets eating sardines and
crackers

and spitting tobacco juice
on the walking isle.

The think I hate most is when I see
cops herding Negroes into cars.

One night when I was passing through
going home,

two women had gotten to fighting over some
man with knives.

One had gotten cut up in the face.

Though it is full of whiskey,
bootleggers,
cutthroats,
clansmen
and what not,

Canton is my home sweet home.

I love it from my heart,

I guess anyone would find faults with
his or her home town.

My mother was born here,
so was I.

There is a spot that I would like to be buried here.

The place has changed a lot,
there used to be trees all up and down the
street that I live.

Now there is nothing
but dead roots.

The trees are like the people,
getting old and passing on
like the silent river.

I can remember when I was 4 years old,
the people I knew were in their prime,
now they are old and grey.
It makes me want to cry by just thinking of them.

Canton is a place full of flowers and flower trees,
if I may say so.

It smells as sweet as it looks
in the spring.

Even though this essay was written a few years
ago, I would only make a few alterations to his de-
scription. For example, the funeral home on North
Hickory Street is a furniture/appliance shop and
the office of the Madison County Union for Progress.
Also the "Hollow" is patrolled by the only black
policeman on the force. Now white cops are seldom
involved in incidents in this area. But the other images
and attitudes expressed are still very evident in
Canton.

Madison County is a priority county of the Miss-
issippi Action for Community Education (MACE).
MACE is developing broadly based membership or-
ganizations in many delta and hill counties of Miss-
issippi. These organizations deal with the county's
problems of poverty and powerlessness. It trains
local leaders in skills of community organization and
program development. It also gives technical assist-
ance to local organizations to help develop programs
and secure necessary resources from within and with-
out the community. Community leaders are worked
with so they can restructure existing local movements
so they will attract more support. MACE provides
information on welfare rights, Medicare, Medicaid,
elections, program development, food stamps and
countless other organizations and programs. Since
MACE is concerned with the people learning through
experience it eventually assumes an advisory posi-
tion after its initial training period.

The Madison County Union for Progress (MCUP)
is the county MACE organization. This organiza-
tion has 826 or more members. These members are
registered voters in the black community and they
meet once a month to discuss the needs of the com-
munity and the programs, etc. existing or needed that
will meet these needs. The most frequently dealt with
issues include blacks in the political process, schools,
economic development and communication. The
Madison County Union for Progress co-ordinates
activities that are common among other Black organ-

izations in the county. They include Star, Inc.; CEE; NAACP; National Council of Negro Women and the Loyalist Democrats. MCUP's key role in the county is to mobilize the resources (money, skilled people, materials, communication, transportation, etc.) necessary for completing a task.

Since delaying tactics, intimidation, harassment, violence and economic repression are being used by the white power structure to resist change the Madison County Union for Progress concentrates its efforts on erasing ignorance and myths of political power and conquering the fear and apathy of black citizens. Ways are looked for to mobilize potential black power and dramatize the need for black participation in the political process.

My summer included working on various projects geared toward political, and economic advancement in the Mississippi black community. It is deeply felt that the ballot and the dollar are the essential weapons in the battle for liberation. Therefore the summer was full of voter registration drives, voter education classes, political rallies, building two community owned and operated grocery stores and fund raising events.

A. Economic Development

The Madison County Union Development Company was formed to facilitate economic development in Madison County. This is the borrowing company for the county's two corporate aims, the Madison County United Corporation in Canton and the Ebony Group, Inc. in Flora. These two corporations built and will run two grocery stores (they opened during September, 1971) in their prospective cities. Each group raised from \$12,000 to \$15,000 in pledges from community supporters and through the Madison County Union Development Company were able to secure Small Business Administration loans and other money from the federal government and private investors or contributors. The trained personnel for the stores is coming from Star, Inc. which is an OEO funded continued education and manpower development program for the black community of Mississippi. Star, Inc. set up two training classes in cashiering, stock clerking and other capacities. These grocery stores are a major attempt to keep money flowing in the community.

B. Social Development

The Madison County Union for Progress along with other black organizations in the county set up the Madison County Committee of Public Assistance in July 1971. This committee was set up to give information through workshops in the various districts to demonstrate the ability of self-help. Its first concern was educating the community on the Food Stamp Program so that there would be a demand to change the corrupt practices of the Food Stamp Office

in the county; so that it would meet the guidelines set up by the Federal government. Eventually it will deal with welfare rights, Free Lunch Programs, school segregation, legal aid and create a Citizen's Advisory Committee.

C. Political Development

Being an election year politics was the key issue in the community. Excitement filled the county about the candidacy of Charles Evers for Governor and 20 Black independents for county offices. Since blacks have been phased out of the political system in the past by all types of schemes to keep blacks from the polls the key effort was to mobilize black voter potential through personal contact, public speaking engagements and canvassing in rural and urban areas.

Blacks were approached to run for offices in every law-making body and agency that is presently completely in the hands of whites. As a result, upon my departure 20 were announced candidates and others were still seriously contemplating running for office.

Voter registration drives were a key activity of the summer. By the July 2nd registration deadline all but an estimated 3,000 eligible voters had been registered. And by August, federal registrars had been sent to the county to reach that 3,000 in remote areas by the extended deadline of September 17, 1971. They were also to check the registrars' practices (which included delaying tactics and nastiness) and illegal annexation of polls.

Numerous political rallies and fund raising events were held to inform the community of the present political system and the potential they can have once they begin to vote as a bloc. At one of the most successful rallies Julian Bond pleaded, "We are going to control our affairs. Whatever happens to us as Black people from now on is going to happen because we want it to. So I urge you who haven't registered to vote to leave this courthouse so you can determine what happens and who's going to serve this town."

My experience at the polls during the August 3rd primary provided me with many insights into Mississippi politics. For example, I saw cases in which blacks were bought off by white candidates; factionalism was obvious among many black leaders and different sectors of the black community and the white candidates are obvious racists whose rhetoric is just for the sake of winning in the game of politics.

The remainder of my time was spent in election workshops, in the Black Child Development Center and at the Evers for Governor Headquarters. At the Evers Headquarters I did menial office chores, participated in a volunteer's workshop that expounded on the role and tasks of volunteers and allowed me to travel to various counties to see how they are coping with the problems (Fayette in Jefferson Co. and Philadelphia in Neshoba Co. to name a few).

From looking at the projects for social, economic and political development it is obvious that blacks in Mississippi are rejecting their subservient and inferior position and challenging the status quo. But after talking to people I became most concerned about ways to preserve the southern black community's sense of creativity, movement, love and especially the role of the church (which is the meeting place of the masses and place of strict tithing that's the mighty fortress of Black advancement). Mississippi and other parts of the south must be saved from heading toward the repressive, exploitative, devious and subtle tactics and the depersonalized, computerized, dehumanized lifestyle of the North. Hopefully with the people's attitudes, the adaptability of southern institutions to survive, and the primitive state of their development it will be easier for us to determine its future structure.

Mississippi has become a real part of my life. I find it constantly on my mind and in my heart. As a result of this summer I realize that I have only begun to contribute to an emerging lifestyle for blacks on this earth. Being a region completely unknown to me I had no idea of its beautiful landscape, distinctive and pleasant lifestyle full of generosity and neighborliness that coexists with the accepted segregated way of life, moral and economic persecution and the feeling of futility for trying to change so awesome and peculiar a social system. Most importantly I realize that (a) academic life and the social struggle must come closer; hopefully with the mergence of the intellectual conceptualizations and the working experience each group will become conscious of their common bond and role in the struggle, (b) only we can create communities where we as people can realize the full meaning of self and demand an open, equal relationship with others. This will happen only when we unite on all levels to destroy the stereotype plantation image of the south in American minds and (c) dormant communities must be revitalized by energetic and conscious black youths.

Robert Moses, COFO program director and head of the SNCC Mississippi project said, "The tragedy here is the work of people who believed in an idea enough to kill for it. The problem of Mississippi is the problem of the nation and the world. A way has to be found to change this desire to kill." We as students can save our communities by returning with our knowledge and skills. Those in the community with the most resources today become the most vulnerable to economic pressure from the white community. Unfortunately, these people who comprise the black middle/professional class can't be counted on for anything except minimal undercover support. They only become visible contributors and actors when the effort has materialized, become successful and appears to be a wise investment for them.

The American corporate state is only interested in training, influencing, and controlling a new generation of Afro-Americans and Africans so we will become part of the western world and enjoy its lifestyle. The federal government superficially appears to be an ally but it has proven to be a poor defender of our civil liberties. FBI agents, federal registrars and observers are usually cold, unresponsive, hostile, unenthusiastic, hold segregationist views and fail to enforce existing legislation. Also federal programs after stating very idealistic aims eventually lose financing or become woefully underfinanced, become snarled in administrative difficulties of delivering the proclaimed services or commodities to the poor spread across the country once it's approved in Washington and leaves to go through the many layers of government. In short, each has underestimated the problems of dealing successfully with poverty. And we have overestimated the national commitment to getting the job done. From this it is evident that the system that is killing our creativity and keeping us in flux is being contained by those allegedly dedicated to creating a better life. Therefore the task of life reconstruction is only up to us and will only become a reality when we define who we are, what we believe in and start acting accordingly.

As you can see the days of bullshitting are over. We have to meet the challenges of the coming years and not turn our backs to the problems of our communities thinking they'll disappear. They haven't in 400 years so why should they vanish now. In the south, blacks are obviously on the first rung of the political ladder—the entrance into the political system. But only through an endless concentrated effort will we eventually reach the stage of being recurrently elected. From that stage we will obtain a consolidated power base that will ultimately allow the black community to control its behavioral and value systems. This control will inevitably free us from domination by the alien power. Thus allowing us to create a humanistic society that will let each of us become what we are capable of being.

In conclusion, I'd like to appeal to you to go to the place of your roots so you can see that even though these people don't have money or materialism they do have a freedom. This freedom results from their knowledge of self, a lack of shame, and their being totally beautiful black human beings. I know you'll find a trust, hope, security, strength, confidence, love and respect that the northern experience has killed in most of us. Like Fannie Lou Hamer says "Here in Ruleville, Mississippi, in the heart of "cracker country" a shouting distance from where Emmett Till's body was found, where Joetha Collier was shot I feel as safe and secure as I would in my mother's arms." Think about it.



Belzoni boy drowns

-BELZONI, Miss. (UPI)—Howard Evans, 14, of Belzoni drowned Monday while swimming in a drainage ditch. Police Chief Toby Wood said young Evans was swimming with a companion when he jumped off a bridge and didn't come up. The body was recovered in about eight feet of water, Wood said.

ON MISSISSIPPI

(During the past summer, four Black students from the Five-College area found the opportunity and need to spend their vacation in the Delta Area of Mississippi (Sunflower, Holmes, Humphries, and Boliva Counties). This was the preliminary period during which organizations and candidates would begin preparing for the consequential November 2nd elections. The major significance of "Election '71" lay in the fact that, for the first time since Reconstruction, every white candidate had a Black running-mate, and Black people were in a position to determine the outcome of the state-wide election.)

It's easy and safer to believe that "anything below the Canadian border is the Deep South," and continue to live anywhere BUT the South, in a luxurious college-town, pretending to suffer as much pain as any Black person in the country. But the differences between Northern and Southern racism and discrimination are great; and most Northerners would prefer to remain in the North because the racism which exists there is more latent, and many people prefer to not SEE or individually and directly FEEL the problems and the pains and the reality of being Black and oppressed.

In the South, the oppression is clear and felt by the overwhelming majority of The People. I, personally, prefer to know who my enemies are, and am particularly appreciative if they identify themselves to me. Although southern racism is generally beginning to become more discreet now, too, the peckerwoods of the South aren't as rehearsed in their discreetness as those in the North, who have been keeping their demonic thoughts so well hidden for so long that many of them have even convinced themselves that they are not in the least bit racist.

Conditions in the Mississippi Delta are appalling, to say the very least. Living conditions, of course, are the first that strike one upon arrival, and these represent the remaining social, political, and economical deficiencies which exist within the counties. The People have absolutely no control of the way they are forced to live—and have little hope of ever achieving any. This hopelessness is caused by a history of futile attempts at striving toward freedom. Since the Civil Rights Movement and Voter Registration in the 60's, The People's apathy and lack of energy is surpassed only by their poverty.

But it's not all apathy's fault. Because of a strong desire to live in peace or because of one or another kind of fear, Blacks in Mississippi are extremely hesitant to openly protest what they know in their hearts are gross evils. Most non-conformists learn the advisability of keeping their mouths shut, or are silenced in one way or another, or find it expedient to leave the state. The number of serious and political Black workers in Mississippi is minute. The leadership which does exist lacks political education, and is generally inexperienced, especially in expressing their needs and interests through the political process. But then, whenever Black people *have* attempted to take the step into politics, they have been beaten back into submission, and/or any minute progression has been hindered, detained, stifled, or cut off completely. This being the case during "Election 71," when the re-districting of most of the state was compelled, (without a court decree, no less,) it was necessary to re-register every Black citizen in the state, an extremely tedious and difficult task. Due to various, numerous, and *legitimate* fears on the part of the Black citizenry, the successes of the voter's registration project cannot be used as a measure of rising political awareness within the Black community. These fears and inhibitions stem from a variety of past and present frightening, even terrorizing events which (have) occur(red) during election years.

Initially, the deeply imbedded memories of the 60's: the bombings, the evictions, the harassment, the loss of jobs, the shootings, etc.—all remain, in some cases unconsciously, in the minds of The People.

Most Blacks in Mississippi are instinctively apprehensive of the word "registration." They connect it with going to the courthouse and answering lengthy and trickily worded forms. Some ask if they have to pay any money, associating it with the poll tax.

Many of The People have been led to believe that they are simply too old to vote. One beautiful little lady—a fly 82 years old—spent our time attempting to *convince* us that she was too old to vote.

The courthouse, the ONLY place of registration, has extremely uncomfortable connotations for Black folks. All of these are reasons for the Black community to fear registration.

Fifty-percent of the adults in Mississippi over the age of twenty-five have less than nine years of schooling. In 1960, the median for whites was eleven years; for Blacks, six. Fifty percent of them had less than 4.7 years. Most of the older Black citizens can't as much as write their names. It's embarrassing for them to ask the white registrar to write it for them.

Politics have done nothing more than neglect the needs of Black Mississippians, and exploit their resources. They fail to see how/that politics might work more to their advantage with proper representation. Presently, every law-enforcing agency is in the hands of those whites who are faithful to the orthodoxy.

Especially in Mississippi, political power is one of the most powerful instruments of legitimate change. As the Black man gets the vote, he also gets representation. With representation, the power of the state must begin to look more to his interests. Political power constitutes the ability to create changes in every other aspect of life. It can create changes in the educational system, in housing conditions, employment, welfare, medical facilities,—most of the changes that need to occur are usually connected to the political process in some way. A freedom ride, or a demonstration has short-term, usually symbolic goals. A Black man marching down the street with a sign, ordering the conviction of Joetha Collier's murderers, is protesting discrimination in ALL courthouses. It is time now to go after the long-range goals of political power through direct participation.

Since "Election 71" was almost a total failure in terms of the election of Black candidates, the political structure must be moved on in another way. The People don't seem to see the connection between their problems and the political system, and tend to be disinterested in any conversation suggesting their involvement in CHANGING this system. They have too many *immediate* and personal problems to tend to—lack of food, clothing; illness; finding employment, etc. Politics seems to be a rather abstract means of alleviating these direct needs. Mostly, they complain and denounce among themselves about their problems.

The town of Inverness in Sunflower County is an example. In February, 1971, a tornado completely wiped out Inverness. The Red Cross replaced smashed houses with new trailers. Three or four white dudes OWN Inverness; and they say that, come March 72, all Black folks must be gone from the town. They will be "granted \$2500, \$500 of which they must re-pay the government. They can either purchase the trailers and take them elsewhere, or they can take the money and split—use it as a down-payment on a home, some land. Meanwhile, the plumbing needs repair, the sewerage is fertilizing the dust of their yards, the wind is toppling the trailers, The People are being harrassed by the Black police officer, who orders them about and off the street whenever he so desires, and life is generally a daily drag.

But folks don't know that their basic, natural, human rights are being denied, and are semi-satisfied to "suffer . . . peacefully "

The difference is, there is no question in The People's minds as to who the "villain" really is. In other parts of the country, Black people have been granted, some of them, at least, certain benefits and endowments. Enough of us, in fact, to confuse the issue of white racism, exploitation, and discrimination, the most popular comment being, "There's some GOOD white folks, and there's some BAD white folks, just as there are some GOOD Negroes and some BAD Negroes."

In Mississippi I found that the great majority of The People are completely aware of the white man's charade, and even his Toms (of which he has created an abundance) despise him for forcing them to lower themselves to such a demeaning, self-effacing level of clientship.

The People, too—most of them—maintain a status of Tomship, simply because they have been forced to mistrust one another so relentlessly. A kind of "hopeful" trust is then directed toward white folks, who, due to their extraneous relationship with The People, appear to be the most responsible and capable of relieving them of their fulsome conditions

It is now a matter of educating them as to specifics—who or which group is personally responsible for particular deficiencies within the Black community—and of organizing them to move on very specific issues—convincing them that they are indeed capable of procuring change. A comprehensible form of political education is basic and essential in this organization. A foundation on which self-confidence can be built is primary. This confidence is presently in abeyance.

A grave problem is that a great deal of pessimism exists within the communities. The People really don't expect any significant changes or improvements, and lose interest very quickly. Any small obstacle serves as a diversion, and any other inconveniences may serve to end all participation and activity all together. They don't seem accustomed to successfully achieving a particular goal. Things are done hurriedly, and, therefore, shakily. Rather than spend time carefully and seriously, plans for activities are zipped through and are usually a waste. The same is true during meetings—a board is elected hurriedly and without consideration of who has the time and capacity to work advantageously in a particular position.

The Sisters who directed the organization in Sunflower County were both sincere and committed. Their problem, in the long run, was a lack of confidence and of direct resources. Being trainees of a larger community organization meant that they had acquired certain know-how and experience, but to place them in charge of an entire

county is asking a high-school student to do a college-man's job. Without any kind of supervision or instruction, the Sisters hadn't the initiative to organize an entire county. The prospect, alone, had frightened them from broaching the problems which confront their communities. Given some ordinance and direction, these Sisters, and others with similar decrements who work for and with their community, could be major influences on the progress within their respective communities. As things stand now, a lot of paid energy is being wantonly, yet guiltily, wasted in sleep, in local pubs, or in aimless rides throughout the community.

You will love Black Mississippians—you will be forced to. You will be, immediately and without question, welcomed into the community, and treated as a member of everyone's family. The warmth, affection, and obvious humanism of our people there is unavoidable—you will be subjected to it at all times. You will be welcomed into people's homes, and be given whatever you need, even when, (most of the time) you probably need it less than the donor. The People are excruciatingly poor, financially, and have only one another for support and comfort. The sense of community which exists will overwhelm you almost immediately. To find that there are still human beings in this world will over-power you—mainly because you've never met and lived with an entire community of them and don't have any conception of what human beings really are. You will be forced to want to do everything within your capability to work and struggle with and for the living conditions that these people deserve more than anyone else, and you and they will become one.

I am justified in using the terms "us" and "them" here, because there IS a great difference between "us" and "them." Only in this case, it is the "them" who are the superior, to me, so I don't use the terms as they are generally used by outside workers and organizers, who maintain a paternalistic, condescending attitude towards the communities with whom they are involved.

It's crucial that we all go down there and work. The conditions which existed in Mississippi during the period of slavery continue to manipulate the Black people in the state. The plantations are still there, and the dependency of Blacks on the plantation owner is, in many cases, as strong as ever. Black folks are trying so hard to be Black, and proud, but it's being made so difficult for them by the conditions under which they are forced to exist. They really seem to THINK Black, but everything else makes it so hard to BE it.

No one is addressed with the terms "Brother," or "Sister," but one is treated more like one than blood brothers and sisters in the North. Here, most of us do things for each other deliberately, because "this is the way we SHOULD treat one another"—this is the way a GOOD Brother or Sister should be. In Mississippi, any act of kindness is natural—done because people naturally help one another out whenever possible, without giving it a second (or even first) thought.

Our skills, combined with the unity and willingness of our Brothers and Sisters in the South can bring about wonders in the state. These changes will, undoubtedly, be slow in the coming if we, or other people from other parts of the country refuse to involve themselves. The People in Mississippi, having lived in these conditions for generations, fail to see how miserable, *deplorable* their condition really is—outsiders see it immediately, and are astounded.

"One of our main purposes it to unify our Brothers and Sisters in the North with our Brothers and Sisters in the South."

Ingrid White

The Sea and You

to a woman that I don't know

*We two in this human silence
For to tinge life's canvas. . .*

There is something I want to say before our farewell:

As legend would have it, in the beginning all waters were fresh, even those of the sea which sleep peacefully, billowing its head on all the beaches of the world. This lasted on for years, even ages. . . and never a gale. The breeze was light and well mannered. Despite its bright blue color, and despite the fact that it sings, caresses, and gets away like any boy, everyone knows that the sea is old, very old indeed. It was one of the first things made for God, and it is only natural that its towering whitecaps and dark depths should have played a leading role and witnessed man's great adventure.

Countless stories have been written about the history of this romantic and turbulent oldster that keeps a thousand memories of all horizons. But no one, except dark a far distant man has ever told the story of the heart of the sea. For the sea does have a heart, an embittered heart like that of a lonely man contemplating the vastness of a life without end. One bright summer day a young woman went down to one of the sea's golden beaches. She was beautiful, and one could well imagine that night had given its color to her, black and lustrous hair. But whence did those honeyed and dreamy eyes originate? One could easily guess that her body, under the woven vines that clothed it, was beautiful. She walked lazily, as though she was dark-skinned, and her sensuous lips were parted as though in thirst. The breeze stood stock-still and looked at her. She reached the beach and entered the fresh and slumbering water. When she had gone in far enough she stripped. She frolicked for a long time with the warm water that caressed her skin. She then put on her vine clothing and departed.

Everyone began to talk then. . . the trees, the air, and all the rest asked: You that have seen her and held her in your arms, tell us, o sea, what she is really like. The sea did not reply. The woman returned once again and the whole beach again asked anxiously: What is she like naked? The sea never answered. The sea had fallen in love with her. Until the day when the girl came along with a stranger, who kissed her until her lips ached. . . . They then departed, both man and girl. But before leaving they drew a love sign on the sand with their hands. Then, everything changed. The sea began to brood and became as salt as it is today. Then love signs the lovers had drawn on the sand. The sea continued thus hour after hour, twisting, groaning and crying out like a beast in pain. The first storm was born thus. It still groans and drags its aching and lacerated body along the sands of its beach.

At times it becomes weary and falls asleep. But it awakens in an irritable, jealous and embittered mood every time a pair of lovers sits on the shore, and it recedes in pained anguish when it sees them drawing love signs in the sand. Later, when they leave, it stretches out its long arms and erases the sign vindictively. This is why names and words written on sand are erased, because the sea, though very old in years, does not forget, and its heart, torn by its great secret, shakes in anguish and wrath every time a young girl in love calls back the memory of the girl it once cradled in its arms.

*Armando Morales
!AHora! Member*

THE LAWS OF

Way out in the middle of the Carribean Sea, there is a very small island. As one approaches it the abundance and variety of vegetation is overwhelming. Birds, flowers, animals and everything that a man could think of to place in his paradise is here. The closest that one could get to picturing this scene would be to imagine the Garden of Eden as it was. Although beautifully intriguing, one could detect a sense of strangeness about the island.

If you were to come to this island at a certain time of the morning or a certain time in the evening no one could be found. In fact it was amazing the way people would disappear at certain times of the day. Judging from their appearance the only people who stayed around were the social outcasts and the deviants. Being a curious person and this being my first time on the island, I asked the first person I saw where everybody had gone. The young man flushed with embarrassment, gave me a disgusting look and ran away. So I ran up to a man who was sitting on the grass with a sandwich in his hand. As I approached him he put the sandwich behind him. "Where's everybody going?", I asked. "That's a silly question," he growled. "Where the hell do you think they are going, to fuck? You know where they're going."

"No I don't, I'm new around here and a lot of what I see going on is very strange to me."

"Where are you from?"

"I'm from a land a long ways from here, to tell you the name of it really isn't necessary, but as I asked before, where's everybody going?"

"They are going to do just what I'm doing now."

"I don't understand—but you're not doing anything but eat"—Before I finished he placed his hand over

my mouth and suspiciously looked around us as though someone were policing our conversation.

"The law's concerning consumption are very strict around here, one is not allowed to talk in public about it."

"Why not?"

"Because it is dirty and indecent. If a person were to be caught by a cop eating in public he could be jailed for 5 years."

"But how can that be?", I asked. "I was under the impression that this culture was an extremely free one. In fact as I walked over here I stepped over several bodies, all of them fucking to their heart's content."

"And what's wrong with that, how else does one satisfy his drives?"

"Well," I asked, "isn't eating a drive?"

"Yes, but it's still dirty unless it's done at the proper time, in the proper place and at the right age."

"What is the proper time, place, and age?"

"Well, a person can eat from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m., from 12 noon to 2 p.m. and from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., and of course be in the privacy of your own eating room. Children should not be allowed to eat with adults. Males are not allowed to eat with females until they're married. And even then only at the designated times and places, if they're respectable people. Around here it's not too cool to eat with people who have brown eyes either."

"Why not," I asked.

"Because they're greedy people, all they do is sit around and eat all the time. They're disgusting. Haven't you noticed how fat they are?"

"No, I've only been around here a few days."

CONSUMPTION

"Well, I guess some of the brown-eyed people are respectable, but they are the ones who've been around blue-eyed people most of their lives."

"Well," I said, "you aren't very thin and when I came over here you were eating a sandwich."

"Yeah, well ever since the time I got arrested and was sent to jail I've had a bad record. Decent people won't even talk to me and the only job I can get is the worst thing out."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Washing the grease and slop off dishes that people ate from. I've given up in this place, so I might as well eat when and where I please, 'cause people just sum me up as a food maniac anyway."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, it was quite a few years ago, I was going out with this brown-eyed chick. She wasn't like the rest of them. She had been educated in the best schools and had the finest of eating habits. In fact," he smiled, "you could say that she was a real prude. She was even more polished in eating than most blue-eyed people."

"Well, what happened?"

"One afternoon we had been fucking all day and running around a lot and we got hungry. At the time we were near this pornography joint, (they're called restaurants if you want to get fancy). So we went in. I'll never forget it. She ordered a hamburger with lots of catchup and I ordered a submarine sandwich, I guess I was really hungry and I made a pig of myself, getting that big sandwich."

"Well we weren't caught then, but three months later, her mother realized that she had gained a pound. It was a terrible scene, especially since I had blue eyes and she had brown ones. Her mother made her leave

home until she had lost the pound, but they had me arrested for being a glutton in the presence of a young lady. I've been labelled a deviant ever since."

"Does everyone feel this way about food?"

"No, the younger people are changing their attitude toward food and eye color. They take diet pills and eat with who they want, where they want and at any time that they want."

"What about the children," I asked.

"Oh yeah, the laws against the children are a bit stiff. The children should not be expected to restrict themselves when it comes to eating. The half-way houses are full of little boys who have been caught watering at the mouth, in the presence of food."

"That is outrageous"! I cried. "Those laws should definitely be changed."

"How do you feel toward the young people and brown-eyed people trying to make changes in the present laws? You *have* been a victim of them."

"I feel that they are being a little extreme, but I do think that The Laws of Consumption are too strict. To give you an example of what I mean by extreme, the other day, you want to know what I read in the newspaper?"

"No what?" I asked.

"I read that males and females are eating together in the larger universities. I suppose, in a few years they'll be treating eating as freely as we treat fucking now. That will be some day."

"You know," I said, "that's about the most ridiculous story that I've ever heard of. I could understand it if your attitudes toward sex and race were like this, but to have these attitudes toward food and eye color is ridiculous!!! I am taking the first boat out of this primitive place."

Cassandra Duarte

GREAT BLACK MUSIC

We have to be able to get down with Black Music on all levels. Just as we are constantly being divided politically, socially, academically, and otherwise, we can be divided musically. Whether some of us know it or not we listen to music and especially Black Music in political terms whether we are politically active or not. Much of our day to day language is derived from the words of our music and black musicians capture and express the feelings of black people in their music. Therefore, there is a connection between the feeling and the expression of black people as it relates to Black Music.

When we are isolated from our music and have to accept substitute music over the airwaves of those that are oppressing us, we tend to compromise in our commitment to black music. We lose perspective on our souls and develop new yardsticks for black music. This does not happen by accident, it is by design. If this were not the case, you would be hearing a better representation of black music over the air wherever there are black people. We must develop the ability to avoid compromise.

The next thing we must be able to do is add a socialist perspective to black music. (Socialism—a social system in which the producers possess both the political power and the means of producing and distributing goods). We live in a capitalist system. (Capitalism—an economic system characterized by freedom of the market with increasing concentration of private and corporate ownership of production and distribution means, proportionate to increasing accumulation and reinvestment of profits.) Black people are producers. (Produce—to create by mental or physical effort.) But we do not control what we produce. So, as producers being denied access in the so-called free market in such a way that we can reinvest some of the dividends from the profits, we must begin to move toward political power so that production and distribution is in our own hands.

Another important point about Black Music is how we view it in terms of classes and how we can be trapped into pimping it unconsciously. We must avoid separating ourselves from other black musicians simply because our stations in life may be different. Our enemy is the same. We must be able to deal with the distinctions and the contradictions of class. Most of us are familiar with the brothers who used to be in the hallways in High School trying to sound like the Temps or Smokey. Where are they now? Where are you now? Where is the enemy? And many probably remember the time when someone asked you who John Coltrane or Pharoah Sanders was five years ago and you said you didn't know. Or the fact that people latched on to Lee Morgan and Otis Redding's music only after their deaths. Now it's hip and fashionable to know. But who controls music? I say we must connect up now. To Muddy Waters to Sun Ra to Slim Gilliam to Big Mama Thornton to War to the Stylistics. Even Charlie Pride (Black country and western singer.) We must be familiar with all of our Black Artists.

That is not to say we cannot be critical when a particular musician makes counter-productive statements. But rather we must analyze and understand what conditions forced him to make those statements, and what we can do to bring him or her back to consciousness. Much of our music speaks of resistance and if you are not resisting what the oppressor is doing to you it may be very difficult to understand. In many ways individual comfort dulls your resistive senses. Also the oppressor will cool you out with his own brand of narcosis so you will be unable to hear your own music when and wherever it is being played.

A final comment I would like to make is our being able to keep Black Music in its proper political and historical context. And also making sure that the use of our language as it relates to the music is consistent with the life style and behavior of those that are using it. Nostalgia can be dangerous when progressive behavior is needed to change the conditions of black people. Songs and melodies of the past that have no relevance for our present situation must be seen in their proper perspective. We can get hung up on tunes out of the past that make us yearn for unresolvable situations. The oppressor has tunes that he calls standards and he plays them over and over again and his people dig them because of the position they are coming from. Sometimes they make us dig them. Sometimes we dig them in our isolation. There is music from our heritage that has eternal strength in its content and context. There are others that are significant only for a particular time. We must be able to identify both types.



Black language and Black Music as they exist here in America have been the most innovative vehicle for communication between people. Some use the mediums because it is indigenous to them. others defect from their own forms of communication because they recognize its restrictions, lack of creativity and beauty. So what we have is the oppressor using language and trying to play music of black people without doing anything to change the black man's state of oppression. We are able to see daily how both of these two forms of communication have had all of the seriousness taken out of them.

There used to be a time when we could talk to another and not be understood by the oppressor, but now our own language and music is in vogue without us receiving just due for producing it.

So, I say to all in closing, struggle with Black Artists on whatever level they are and you are on and check out yourself in isolation.

BILL HASSON

Noted Black Women: Xernona Clayton



INTRODUCTION:

(The Drum went to Atlanta and was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to interview a well known T.V. personality, sister Xernona Clayton. Barring a tight schedule we still managed to get a general overview and some aspects of Atlanta's political and social life. The rap took place over an exciting lunch [at Paschals Restaurant on Hunter street.]

Sister Xernona Clayton is currently operating her own television program on channel five in Atlanta, Georgia. Sister Clayton is the first Black personality to have her own show and has been currently running for four and one half years. Before becoming involved in television, she worked in the Mayor's office where she was involved in community affairs, specifically, the Model Cities Program.

As far as Black/white affairs are concerned (in Atlanta) sister Xernona feels that at best she acts as a mediator in most black white situations in general, and in situations dealing with mass communications particularly. She was instrumental in getting the first Black reporter on Atlanta's white owned and operated newspaper, *The Atlanta Constitution*. She feels Black people need to focus on all metropolitan newspapers because they represent a source of wealth as yet to be exploited. According to sister Xernona, Atlanta is the only city in the country having three Black newspapers which ascribes to Black people on a metropolitan scale. Two of these papers are weekly issues, and the other is a daily paper. The *Atlanta Daily World* was the first Black newspaper to operate in Atlanta. "*Atlanta is unique because of the many important areas that Black people now occupy, such as traffic, camera-men, radio and television technicians.*" Channel five in Atlanta has also been accepted by the *Black Coalition of Stations*. This station has participated in a special program designed by CBS to train interested Black students in the areas of radio and television; the program also promises jobs to the students in the program upon completion of training.

Currently, the only colleges progressing to some extent in the field of communications are Moorehouse and Clark. Moorehouse has a weekly publication that focuses on community bulletins. The sisters at Spelman College also have a weekly publication but it focuses only on the affairs at Spelman. A broadcasting station (WAUC) is now being implemented on these campuses. This project was started by its current administrator, Earl Jones. Earl Jones is a former television man of much respect to the Black community of Atlanta. The purpose of this station is to focus on not only what's happening in the Atlanta University complex, but also the entire Black community. Presently, Michael Cromson, a brother from New York City, has started a mass communications department at Clark College. This brother was one of the producers of such programs as, *Tell it like it is* and *Black Journal*. The local television stations are supporting this program by allowing some of the students in journalism to use their facilities for training techniques. Prior to the beginning of this department, the closest place for a stu-

dent interested in journalism and mass communications was Florida State College. The only other information that the students received along these lines were through brief seminars and workshops offered by visiting professionals.

Sister Xernona, has a deep regard for young people, committing herself to an organization called (AWRT) *American Women Radio and Television*. This organization has currently completed an eight-week series of workshops, designed to inform interested people in the greater Atlanta area about broadcasting and journalism.

Sister Clayton participated in two organizational meetings concerning productions initiated by Tony Brown, i.e., *Black Producer* and *B.E.S.T.* Quite frankly she felt disappointed when the meetings concluded, stating "*the whole venture was unsuccessful and no follow-up was being planned.*"

Mrs. Clayton was pessimistic about the possibilities of a Black Atlanta T.V. station by stating "*Black enterprises have no money to invest, and the few that have this capital are reluctant to invest in this field.*"

Politically, she feels that Atlanta is very much together. There is a definite protest group that actively involves itself in such areas as welfare rights. There is a strong and positive Black leadership stemming from the days of Martin Luther King. "*The Black community has many leaders that the white power structure will listen to and act upon.*" She gave the example of Julian Bond because of his political and organizational activities in Atlanta. "*At one time he might be seen leading a march of the Tenants Rights organization, and at another time he might be seen on the campuses talking with students about any problems that they might have.*"

"*The lack of a working relationship between the Atlanta University Center and the Black community is detrimental.*" The complex is set off to the side and left alone to function within its own capacities, without any participation by the Black community. "*This situation has got to end immediately because administrators, staff and faculty have a lot to offer to the community in areas of lectures, films, seminars and rap sessions.*"

On the other hand, she views the upcoming mayoral race will witness the coming together of the total Black community in electing Maynard Johnson, a Black candidate. Brother Maynard would be the first Black mayor of Atlanta with strong support from the majority of Black voters. (The Black vote makes up more than 50% of the total voting community in Atlanta.)

Things that speak



for themselves



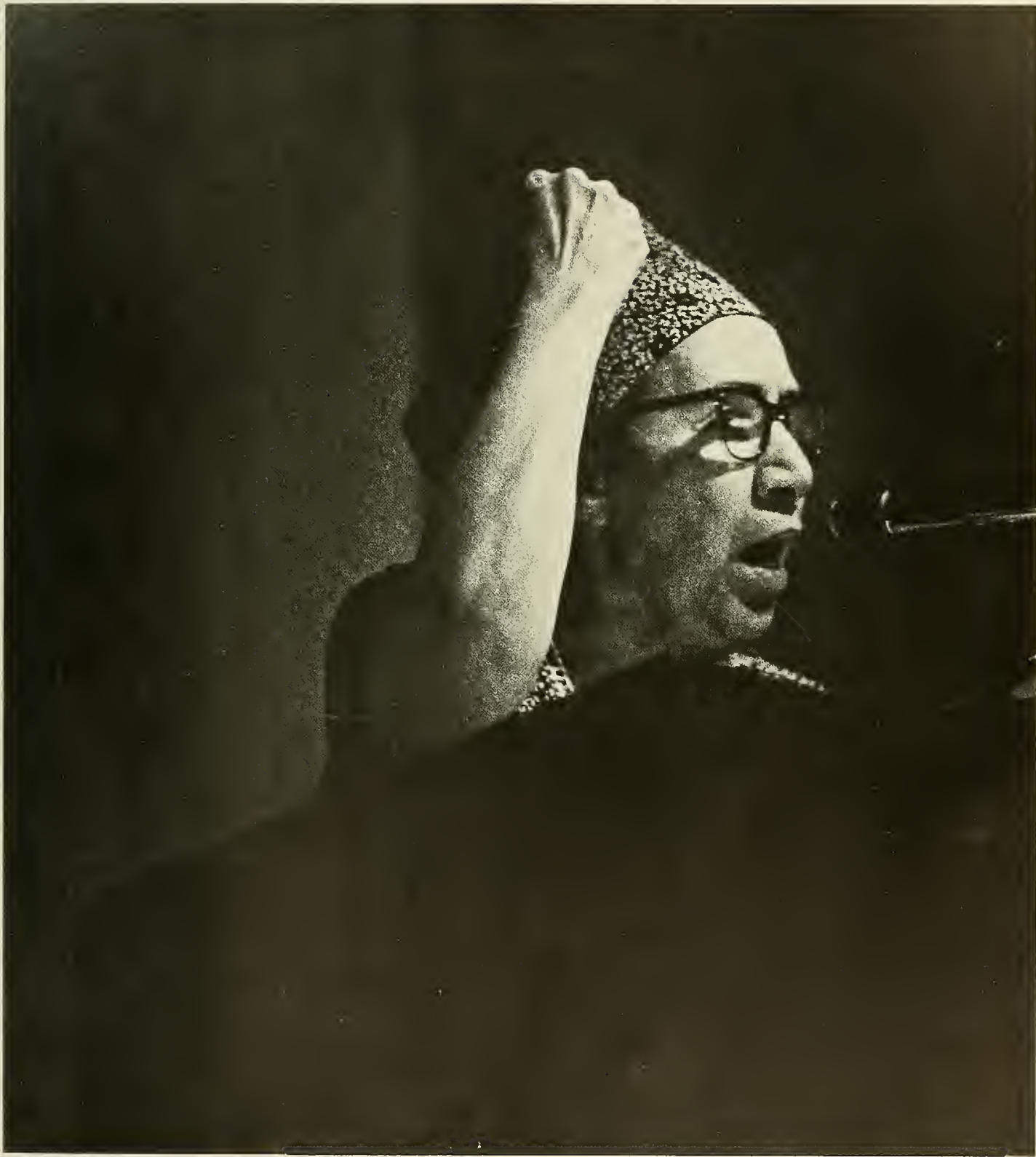












Seize the Time — College Students Power to Black People

During the fall semester of 1971, I was enrolled in a fieldwork course in the Department of Afro-American Studies and served as a participant-observer with the Springfield Tenants' Rights Organization.

During the Spring of 1970 a group of tenants — at the suggestion of local community organizers — decided to organize themselves into a group to combat the slumlord and the inhumane living conditions which they were subjected to. The tenants met in their apartments and went to work on their problems with the technical assistance of community organizers. Without money or salaries, these tenants decided to go on a rent strike. The people involved worked hard and devoted a lot of time to participating in negotiation sessions, in picketing the landlord's home in the suburbs, and in attending educational orientation sessions.

This tenants group became a member of the National Tenants' Rights Organization making them part of a national movement of militant people dedicated to ending poor housing conditions for low-income people. As a member organization they received the benefits of being in touch with other tenants organizations around the country with whom they could share strategies and information on new housing legislation. The activities of this core group proved to be most successful so there was a general desire to expand the group into one that would benefit more people.

Under a grant by Model Cities a staff was hired during the fall of 1971 to help carry out the wishes of the Tenants Rights Organization which were to organize tenants for a stronger voice in determining housing pattern and conditions, to organize tenants moving into new housing projects in the Model Cities area, to improve budgeting and housekeeping practices of the tenants, and to establish a grievance committee in housing matters made up of landlords, tenants and city government personnel.

The possibilities of a strong tenants organization are numerous— they could get repairs on existing housing, have a voice in the terms of leases and general management of housing developments, have a part in the planning for new housing in the city, perhaps help design a better court system which would be more sensitive to tenants needs, or demand more housing inspectors to be hired by the city. There happens to be organizations in other cities, such as Boston, where these very things are being worked on.

Some of the jobs or duties where I helped and where other students could be of real help are first in researching. The type of information needed such as how many houses a particular slum lord owns in the Black community can be obtained by students spending several hours in the tax assessors office, looking the facts up.

Students can also be useful in the door to door talking to Black residents trying to interest them in becoming active in such an organization in order to help themselves, I did a little of this also, but the task is a large one and many people willing to spend time on projects such as these are needed.

Too often, students feel that they should seclude themselves on the college campus and postpone their helping the community until they have obtained their degrees. This is a terrible waste of knowledge which can be utilized, during the few spare hours per week which all students have. Most of the time the practice of postponing the commitment to the Black community dwindles into a task never to be performed: a cop-out.

A successful tenants rights organization or any such "people's organization", if worked on, can effect drastic changes in the living conditions and other aspects of black life in our communities. Think of it! if some brother and sisters had a better apartment to come home to, they just might not hang out on the block and get hung up in drugs.

Community organization is not just limited to housing; drastic changes can be made in other aspects as well. A cooperative food store can supply the Black community with food at lower prices; a community run school can supply the children with a more valuable, relevant education.

College campuses are a gold mine of manpower for research and organization. Seize the time, help bring power to Black people.

Sister Jackie Berryman

to all black moles of/vision. . .

. . . we sit with spoke faces & nothing ever gets said, consequently the same amount gets done. as we gag and choke on one another's memories.

A mythology is as important as a philosophy to a nation; it produces its national consciousness and its ideology. Our ideology cannot stand the test of time, for it is also another thing we do not have. Time is life, it is our lifeblood, for there can be no life without it, thus our ideology must encompass visions, conceptualizations, and most important—a *directive*. This directive must be based on a political referent that clearly depicts the realities that we as a people must face (faces spoke).

The realization of our political and economic realities ultimately must lead to the creation of a new man; a man of vision, unstifled by the decadence of "demon-crazy." The university is our city, our universe in microcosm at the time spent here. This is one of the stifling things about it. . . a contrast model in miniscule can only lead to micro-visions and produce frantic, visionary moles.

—From the hollow skulls of 1st World
creatures of europe, exhausted on ameri-cunt,
for their subsequent reappearance as the demon makers,
the makers of demons, and "demon-crazy." — "Never
could have children only little gadgets" — 'beep-beep, bleep
. . . Groovy, bleep-bleep beep.'

As they continue to rainshit on the righteous, the spiritual people, and death is a mild form of escapism with or w/out drugs. While the tragedy of black misery remains to be seen in the number of brothers and sisters who think how you look is *all* it is.

DOWN,

Down

down

downdown here below, talking from the

belly of the earth. & civilizations have always turned to astrology in the Last Days.

That is why a meaningful political referent and its resultant ideology are crucial. For history clearly teaches us that those with stronger moral convictions will be those who prevail in any protracted struggle. We must struggle to emerge as rulers, but we must do so cleanly, with direction and conviction. For then and only then will justice emerge in the aftermath.

. Black Power is no longer the phrase of the hour, and we must begin to use those spoke faces to our advantage. Even visionary moles live *underground*, but that does not prevent them from seeing the surface—and be/yond.

Vision can only be created when we stop fucking each other's
noses, and have completely severed pharoah's shackles:

Wait & the Chains may rust/as ashes/ as dust, as
blood upon history's pages. Cuz we still where
our parents were at 25 years ago, only we
look prettier.

Deception is in his tricks, and occultism in its many tacit forms, —: from make-up and zodiac earrings, to incense which does not reach either the outer ear of a nation of oppressed people, or the Cosmos. Black is Beautiful only helps those who don't want freedom, but will be content to see 3 "colored" commercials a night, and black models showing their indifferent behinds (shoulders attached).

. . . they Sat, faces spoke, and shattered on the floor. The pieces only remaining to be swept up and rearranged, or can this not indeed be the beginnings.

END.

John E. Davis

The Cockroach On A Bike

Part III of a Three Part Epic Poem
by Emmanuel Asibong,
English Dept.

Jack, the Giant-Killer

Ask in the super dragon
in his fine academic gown
and bid him distribute
foreign french letters
(not in this barrell chute)
full of live lice
and squeaking, stinking mice,
I am Jack, the giant-killer.

His Daughter's Perception

He bought his one-year-old daughter
a very fanciful potty
taught her how to stand
and then how to sit. . . .
whether she decides to make water
or just a boo
she knows where to go for her loo
And now just after a week
his daughter has made it a habit
of getting up after a boo
of staring hard at her boo
of closing her eyes after a boo
of saying, naw, naw, naw, naw, naw!

Daringly Attired to Die

Daringly attired to die
up from my mother's womb;
twenty-five years and after,
with beads of lead and chrome
about my blubber saturated neck;
and then to awake
from the raging sea. . . .
What concentration,
what millstone of ideas?
The gecko on the wall
dances after the baby moth
darkly and invisible,
though we see his blue pulsating veins:
and the spider
weaves its web
in his way:
Who are these, amongst
whom I find myself?
how becoming his world
under whose weal we waul?

On Seeing a Coconut Tree

Heliotropic bent
of the coconut
along the beach
on an August afternoon
Burnt, bent, crude bark
browned upwards by the
insignificant
lolling tongues of time,
the fairies will be here
to dance round you tonight
You are not
the maypole,
but like your long probing stem
my heavy heart searches after
the warmth of the coming year.
Once this tired old heart
ceases pumping out
fresh stinking flowers
clearly emblematical of the past
look out for my rejuvenated smile
strongly emblematical of the perhaps.

Dirty Air

Fetid air
within tyre tubes . . .
release, and then
relaxation.
automobile,
skidding on
rough city roads,
amongst faces
old familiar faces,
on narrow
muddy lanes and bends,

past faces
past bodies . . .
bodies and faces
that were leonine
feline, acquiline,
canine, elephantine
and so-ine . . .
then the nursing mothers
(pardon)
nurses, looking like
nursing mothers . . .
within the hospital
walls where I lived.
When a green snake
bit and killed
an Hausa youth
nothing was done.
Even the mother,
asked the doctors
to forget
because there was
no serum . . .
small matter, this
and yet
six hours later
an unidentifiable
species bit
and nearly killed
a doctor . . .
We were all moved.
move, dirty air
inside tyre tubes
my gentle anger
with you, over
rough city roads.



*I am only a child in this wilderness
please help me when i falter. . .*

*I am the child of the earth and the heavens
who has strayed too far from home. . .*

*My parents are the Universe
and
i haven't even begun to understand
what that means. . .*

*Jeanais Brodie
'71*

BUSING FOR QUALITY EDUCATION?

As we get closer to the next school year in September there seems to be an increasing degree of frustration, ambivalence and obfuscation over an issue that at face value doesn't appear to be that difficult to deal with. That issue is busing. Yes, to be more refined—busing to achieve racial integration. This single issue, agitated and blown out of proportion by one southern politician in particular and various interest groups in general, is now of major concern to many.

It all began in 1954 in the *Brown v. Board of Education* ruling; in that decision the court judged that separate black schools by their very nature were inherently unequal. States were obliged to move forward with "all deliberate speed" in desegregating their school systems. In 1964, in the civil rights act of that same year a tremendous amount of litigation at the district court level attempted to make that which was written on paper become a reality. The results of this act were minimal in the South. As a resident and high school student during that period I can recall just how speedily the school system in Birmingham, Alabama tackled that task. They took their time.

The method that the Birmingham Board of Education used was as pathological as it was racist. In 1964 each school in the school system got a few token black representatives. Usually this meant that in that year less than one half of one percent of each school in the white Birmingham school system was black. Parents were required to have their children screened and dossiers were compiled on each prospective black student to see if he was acceptable. Acceptable, can you dig that! For a black child to get an integrated education he would be placed in a psychologically strained situation. If a black attended an all black school then he would suffer the consequences of being a part of one which was plagued by financial and social problems. Integration moved slowly under these token methods, but a shot in the arm was just around the corner.

In the interim between 1964 and 1967 black people were using the phrase "freedom of choice", that is they wanted to have the choice of attending a predominately white institution. Black neighborhood schools were dilapidated and at that time the city of Birmingham refused to upgrade them. The facilities were poor in every respect. Black demands were simply this. Either the city Board correct the inadequate black schools or blacks would attend white neighborhood schools. The inadequate conditions in black schools were not corrected.

Clearly, in order for integration to ideally take place black kids should be transported to predominately white schools and white kids should be transported to predominately black schools. This will cause a microcosm which will reflect the percentage of whites and blacks in the larger community. White commun-

ities and governing bodies on the local levels in the South rejected this and designed a racist alternative. At present in many southern cities black students go out of their communities to attend white schools in white neighborhoods to achieve so-called quality education. Few white students are bused out of their neighborhoods into black neighborhood schools.

In one problem area, Atlanta, Georgia, a paradox exists. Atlanta's population is over one million people and an increasing percentage of Atlanta's white population move to the suburbs every year. The logical extension of this observation is that whites will create school systems in their immediate communities. The people who run the government in Atlanta live in those suburbs. Much of the money needed to rebuild inner city black schools will be channeled out into the suburbs. Quality education will be channeled in the same direction as the money flow. The paradox crystalizes if busing is used to transport black students to quality suburban schools. Busing would help to defeat the creation of good inner city schools in the black community.

This is evident for two reasons which are inextricably bound to each other. First, busing in Atlanta would primarily transport black students into the suburbs. This would cause the residents there to become closely involved in the city Board of Education in particular and in city politics. In short, whites in suburbia would have a voting power that does not exist at present, a voting power that they should not have since they do not reside in the city. The black majority of 53% would be diluted far below its present plurality. The new white majority would be more concerned with upgrading schools in their community rather than doing the same for black inner city schools.

Atlanta's black citizens predict a black mayor by 1973, but is this possible if busing aids in reducing the black majority that exists there now? Controlling the flow of funds is the key to quality education. The election of a black mayor in Atlanta should insure quality education for black students without transporting them out of their neighborhoods into the suburbs.

This article neither encourages busing nor condemns it; it merely attempts to show by two examples the problems that may occur in metro-cities in which Afro-Americans are in great numbers. In conclusion it must be realized that busing is only a means to an end—quality education. Busing ceases to be an issue when blacks can achieve quality education without going out of their communities to attend suburban schools. Therefore, perhaps separate schools need not necessarily be unequal as the Supreme Court said in 1954 but in the near future be equal or better for educating Afro-Americans.

Oscar W. Adams, III

Fire hydrants spewing water in the city's gutters/
Children laughing, shouting, crying, groaning,
as they run thru the piss, the beer, the whiskey,
the blood and the vomit stench/
giving them a contact HIGH, worsening their pain

and clouding their joy. ./
But making them even more aware of politicians in
their fine big cars, with their cool clothes and
women. . .
(SOMEHOW they remind you of the hustlers in the streets,
the pimps and number runners)
politicians saying, "ELECT US

BRIBE US. . .
NO JOB TOO BIG!"

Dope kills/ support your local politician. . .
Fire hydrants spewing water in the city's gutters/
Things just get dirtier. . ./
Folks rappin' about a "DREAM"/
12-year-olds, forgotten, junkies are dying in alleys
from O.D.'s/
babies half born being snatched from their mama's
pussy with lead poisoning/
Hippies and Yippies and other white middle class
young marching for peace, since they can no longer
buy a deferment/
20-year-old vets of the Nam advertising for wives:
". . . ain't got no arms or legs
and penis was lost in action;
the heart will love, though the
body can't.

Got plenty of money. . . WILL MARRY!"
Folks rappin' about a "DREAM"/
And how great "it would be," they ain't realized
yet that the "DREAMER" is dead/
A bullet pierced thru him and thus thru his "DREAM"/
The "DREAMER" didn't make it . . .

. . .
. . . and the "dream"

Struggles/
Fire hydrants spewing water in the city's gutters/
Folks rappin' about a "DREAM"/

Jeanais Brodie
'71

Mississippi: Chance or Change

On October 23, twenty students from the Five-College area left the Valley for the Mississippi delta to lend their assistance in the political campaign there. Specifically, these students sought to raise the level of voter participation in the old Confederate state, to close the gap which divided the number of registered voters and the actual voters of the area.

While the project would prove a learning experience for the students, it was also designed to provide some basic service to the community. It is projects of this nature that enable the student to reaffirm his sense of identity while fulfilling a commitment to the community at large. (It is felt that Black students in white schools seem to experience an extreme identity crisis and a sense of uselessness because they are restricted from aiding in the struggle for Black Liberation and community development.)

The students drove the approximately 1500 miles to Mississippi in five rented cars and one van; all vehicles were provided through the courtesy of the schools involved. The U. Mass. vehicles were rented directly through the Black studies department; the van was provided through the courtesy of Smith College and its Black studies department. The remaining vehicles were provided through the courtesy of Amherst College.

The drive proved to be an experience in itself. There were students from three schools who had not met prior to the final planning stages of the project. All being from diverse backgrounds had two basic things in common. 1) They felt that their academic needs were not fulfilled by their current curriculum, 2) a need to simultaneously fulfill their academic requirement and fulfill their commitment to the development of the Black Community. The trip was long and sacrifices had to be made. The two days on the road were generally without conflict and incidents contrary to the mission. Provisions were made for an overnight stay at Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C. Our thanks and appreciations to the Black students at Guilford, who were as determined as we were that our mission be accomplished. After two days on the road, and adjustments to the individual personalities

were made, we arrived, as a group, in Greenville, Miss. at 1:30 a.m., October 26.

We were met by Mr. Owen Brooks, director of the Delta Ministry who had made provisions for 12 people to spend the night in Greenville before being assigned to different counties the next morning. The eight remaining students decided to travel the additional 70 miles to Marks, Mississippi, where they would work as a group. The 12 students who remained were divided into groups of three and dispersed into four counties—Madison, Holmes, Humphries, and Washington. Reviewing our financial situation with Fred Williams, Director of MACE (Mississippi Action for Community Education), we discovered that our funds were sufficiently low; therefore, MACE agreed to pick up the tab for housing. Again the group expresses its thanks to Mr. Williams for making our attempts fruitful.

After a day or two of adjustment, orientation and specific role identification with established local organizations and local procedures, most people were hard at work to fulfill some community oriented goal. Most students worked through, or in conjunction with, some local civil rights organization. The students in Washington County were directly affiliated with the Delta Ministry (Greenville, Miss.). Students in other counties worked with MACE, MFDP, VEP, the Voters' League and the Quitman County Improvement Association. Whatever the organization, the specific details of students' activities were the same. Students prepared posters, newsletters and flyers. Students assisted in planning and instructing voter education rallies, classes and other activities related to voter education.

Many students were selected to speak in churches and other community meetings to explain the importance of voter participation and the need for Black people to take command of their new role in the Southern United States. (Much of this "new role" is said to be incorporated in the Civil Rights Act of 1965 and the Voting Rights Act of 1967. Many Black voters are newly enfranchised through those acts and do not fully understand the importance of engaging



in a process that for 30, 40 and 50 years has been taboo for them.) Many of the top political leaders in the country were present at one time or another during the two weeks we were in Mississippi. Most students were directly engaged in planning, preparing and hosting these national leaders while in the state. This activity continued thru November 2, and many students were thoroughly exhausted upon our return.

Some days would include: breakfast at nine or ten and then preparing or distributing some type of information throughout the community. There would be some type of rally that would last until nine or ten p.m. and then preparations for the next day. Of course on election day most students were poll-watchers or acting in some service position attending the polling places. Then of course there was the door to door canvassing and urging potential voters to become statistics.

There were many minor incidents, but only two cases of abuses resulting in arrest. Two students, Glen Hardin (Amherst) and Sidney Davis (UM) were arrested, both on the same charges: "Interfering with the election." Glen was accused of being a foreigner and later arrested for the above stated charges. Sidney was imprisoned overnight and fined \$200. This incident was the cause of the group's detainment an extra day in Mississippi.

There were many claims that the election was not conducted properly. Alleged abuses ranged from simple cheating by mis-counting to illegal procedures in assistance to illiterate voters and incapacitated persons. There were cases of verbal coercion, illegal disqualification and outright violent attacks upon some black voters. Most abuses and discrepancies were documented by students, lawyers and Federal election officials. There were rumors of contesting the election but there will be rumors.

One fact that amazed students was that all higher authorities in the State of Mississippi are white. An appeal by blacks to the white Sheriff, the white elections commissions or even the white state and Federal officials proves that: a) Blacks can appeal, or b) there needs to be a substantive number of Black people

represented on three committees, from the local level and throughout society. If not, Black people will remain in a state of semi-slavery; in that they must bow to the whims of the white, no matter what they are, because he (the white man) forms the committees that make the rules.

As students most of the participants felt that the project was successful. Our action was not oriented towards any specific candidate. An examination of election returns shows that there was a record turnout. Our victory being inherent in the turn-out. It is believed that most of the students would have to blush in acknowledgement of the fact that (maybe) they did contribute something, and that while students gained plenty, the indigenous people shared in our gains.

While most students were not working specifically for any one particular candidate and our actions were not campaign oriented, one could not help but be concerned with the elections and their outcome. The situation was gloomy before the elections and probably much more so afterwards. Even though there was much talk of a moral victory, my concern is: how long can Black people be content to settle for moral victories? There is corruption, abuses, malpractices and outright mockery of the democratic process in the state of Mississippi. People are living in what will become the hot-bed of injustice and discontent thus setting the stage for something other than the result desired by those in power. If the existing malpractices are continued, while the people are given increments of freedom, the state will become ripe for revolution. According to Eric Hoffer in *The True Believer* when the downtrodden masses are relieved from their destitute condition and have something to look forward to then they will rebel. "After a century of racial terror and repression, the closed society of white Mississippi is making slow, often grudging, but real concessions to black demands for change."*

Following are statistics, strategy, election results and future alternatives which will help one to obtain

*Washington Post, Mon., June 28, 1971

a clearer view of exactly what lies ahead for Mississippians and Americans.

Before the elections of November 2, 1971, Black people in Mississippi composed 37% of the total population of 2.2 million. There were 95 elected officials in the poorest state in the nation. Black voters outnumber whites in 17 of Mississippi's 82 counties. There were more than 300,000 Black voters as compared to over 700,000 whites. These are the kinds of statistics that threw Mississippi into the national press in 1971. To add even more publicity, on June 12, 1971, "Charles Evers opened his campaign for Governor on the eighth anniversary of the murder of his Brother Medgar."* Evers began to campaign as an independent, the first Black to seek the Governorship since the days of Reconstruction. It was also noted in that same article that "three shooting deaths of blacks in the last few weeks, including the slaying of a black girl in Drew, Miss. just hours after her high school graduation, were not directly related to the Evers' campaign or the voter registration drive, but they serve to remind both races of the ever-constant threat of violence that hangs over the state. 'There is a sense of danger slowly building up,' said Rev. William Morrissey, a Roman Catholic priest who has helped organize some student volunteers."

There was much talk about the new era in southern politics, "Mississippi's moment of transition." Charles Evers entered the race for Governor against two moderates (Mississippi style). One (Lt. Governor Charles Sullivan), was called the "Machine's" man and was supported by the upper-class and big business. The other (Bill Waller) was a District Attorney who had made two unsuccessful attempts to prosecute the accused murderer (Byron De La Beckwith) of Charles Evers' younger brother, Medgar Evers, who was Chairman of the Mississippi Chapter of the NAACP. Sullivan, the favorite, Waller, and several outspoken racist segregationists were candidates in the Democratic primary. In the primary, Sullivan led in 57 of the 82 counties; Waller led in only

11. The remaining votes were split by the racists. The two leaders were pitted against each other in a run-off on August 24, 1971.

Although Waller and Sullivan both adopted moderate stances on racial matters, Waller apparently landed the votes that went to two segregationist candidates who lost in the August 3 primary. Waller, a Jackson attorney, swept 62 counties in the run-off. With 2,503 of the 2,405 voting units reporting, Waller had 389,003 votes to 327,764 for Sullivan. This was supposed to be an upset victory according to the Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1971, edition of the *Washington Evening Star*. Waller told some 500 cheering supporters from a flatbed truck in front of his downtown Jackson campaign headquarters shortly after he was declared the winner, "There's going to be a new day—the state government has just returned to the people."

These are the circumstances that set the stage for all the publicity, gossip, frustration and disappointment that evolved from the Mississippi elections in November of 1971. Now that the elections are past a review of the publicity reports have hints of the (possible) Evers campaign strategy. These reports appear to further reveal, it seems, the true meaning of the Evers Campaign. One newspaper was quoted as saying: "The Democratic nomination traditionally has been tantamount to election in Mississippi and Waller is considered a heavy favorite over independent Charles Evers, the mayor of Fayette, Miss., in November."* "Mr. Evers stood on the sundrenched steps of the Newton County Courthouse today and told a crowd of 300 supporters that it was time for members of both races to work together for common goals. Addressing himself to about 50 whites who stood across the street in the shade of several canopied store fronts, he said: Don't go around no more spitting tobacco and cursing us. Let us join hands and go forward together.' This statement was wildly applauded by the Blacks but greeted in silence in the shadows across the street.'"** But even with those 100,000 previously unregistered Blacks, it still would

*New York Times, June 13, 1971

*The Columbia (S.C.) Record, Aug. 25, 1971

**The Times, Sun., June 13, 1971

be far from enough to help him defeat the likely winner of the Democratic primary, Lt. Gov. William Sullivan (Who did not win).

Even if all eligible blacks registered, they would only make up approximately 39 per cent of the Mississippi electorate and although Evers spoke confidently of expecting white support, he doesn't predict more than 25,000 white votes for himself. That would hardly be enough to defeat Sullivan.

To win this election said George Taylor, "Evers would need 51 per cent of the vote and that is impossible." The following quotes seem more accurate in summing up the real campaign strategy. "The impact of strong federal action between now and the fall election would be felt most in such places as Tallahatchie County, where the presence of federal registrars could help blacks pick up additional registrants and have a fighting chance for countywide office. Indeed, although it doesn't show up very often in Evers' campaign literature, that is the underlying objective of his campaigning for governor. More than 230 blacks will run for local office across the state this fall. On their own, those candidates are not expected to be able to pull enough blacks to the polls to win in counties such as Tallahatchie. But the Evers Campaign helps them raise funds and fight the fear of local blacks to come out to the polls. Evers then, is a symbol of strength for blacks here. He also symbolizes for blacks the success they can expect from using the system."* "As matters now stand, Evers has no chance for election. Black voters will probably number no more than 25 per cent of the electorate and there will be no Republican candidate for governor."**

One should be able to discern from these pre-election statements that Charles Evers, in fact, never had a real chance of winning. Of course, during the campaign, the Evers camp had to elaborate and expand even the wildest possibility of winning, which they seemed to have done with a great amount of success.

It was my belief, and I was later informed, that

Evers would serve mainly as a drawing card. That is, he is a national figure who could gather support, finances, and resources. He could bring Black people out of the woods, hills, and plantations to vote. Television, radio, and newspapers could broadcast him into the backest of the back woods, and the people would come out to vote for him. Once they were out where they would be reached, they would be informed of the local candidates, and the local candidates would achieve sweeping gains and successes.

What seemed a well-organized and executed plan proved to be a disappointment and further frustration to many Blacks—not only in Mississippi but around the country, as is evidenced by a later newspaper account of the election: "A number of black Mississippians are saying that violence, harassment, intimidation, and theft caused 244 of 284 black candidates to lose in their attempts to win elective offices in this month's general elections. A number of whites contend, however, that many thousands of "silent" black voters preferred white leadership and rejected black militancy and the very idea of non-whites in non-traditional roles. There is evidence here that each of these reasons contributed to the lopsided final figures in a number of predominantly black areas where black candidates lost."*

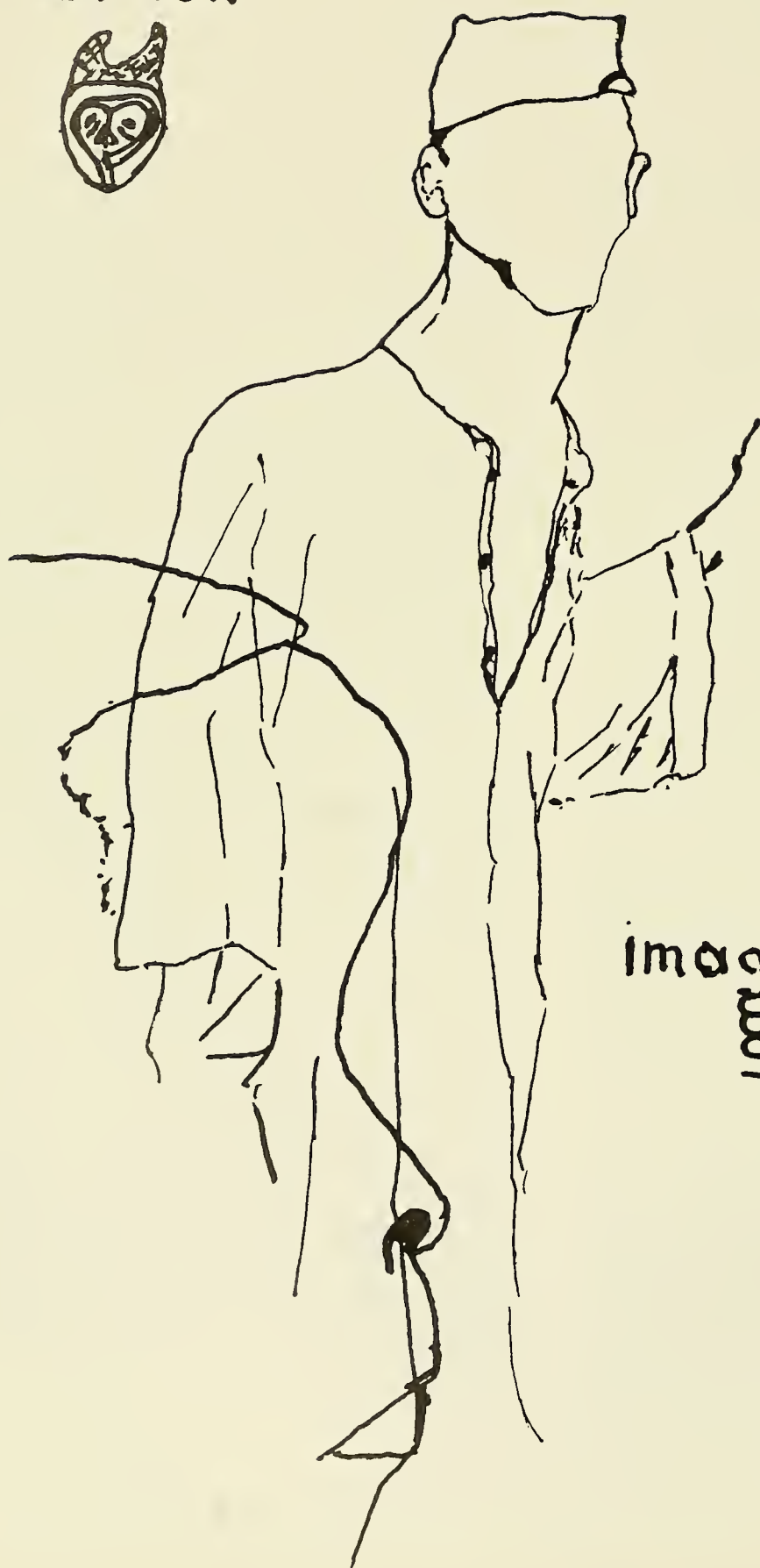
There have been many claims ranging from injustice and violence to negligence, but the result will stand, to be evaluated again and again. Whatever the results, there was a record turnout in the Mississippi election of November 2, 1971. The total results have not been presented at this time, but it can safely be said that more black people participated in the 1971 Mississippi elections than any year in the past. While the student volunteers can only claim a small proportion of the success, the important thing is that the students from the Valley were alongside the Brothers and Sisters from many other institutions and from the local communities working on vital and immediate problems. Such activity is the core of the meaningful education that should be pursued by Black students.

*Washington Post, Aug. 15, 1971

**Washington Post, June 28, 1971

*New York Times, Nov. 15, 1971

Black



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An Invitation

The potential of the Drum cannot exceed the potential of its students. Therefore, it is imperative that everyone be allowed to contribute to its advancement, so that we may have a true Black Literary Experience. One cannot stress enough the importance of projecting our thoughts, our ideas, our proposals, our culture in writing.

The Drum symbolizes one of many organizational opportunities open for Third World Peoples on this campus, organizations formed specifically with our needs in mind. Maybe it is too presumptuous to think the organizations now existing are broad enough in ideology and concept to encompass the intellectual concerns of the more than seven-hundred minority undergrads. However, even that hypothesis can only be carried to a point, for it does not explain why the various organizations (particularly the Drum) has not gotten more input. Do you not feel the Drum is worth it? I cannot believe that! It cannot be because the Drum does not deal with your interests. The magazine does not support individuals nor does it push any particular position. Its purpose is to reflect the Black Experience in all its phases, in all its realities, thus no person of color is cut off from exercising this right. We do not always have to agree with each other, but there is room for constructive criticism provided it is constructive and further clarifies a position. It is my belief that each and every one of us has something of value to communicate and it is of vital importance to all of us that whatever it is, in whatever way you wish, it should be communicated.

In a previous editorial, I stated that Black students suffered from a "trance of luxury." Do we have too many resources at our disposal, including (financial) to even realize what we can do with it? If so, we have not yet internalized the meaning of "self-help." What can you do? You can make your presence known by channeling some of your energies into your own Third World Organizations, i.e., Drum, Black Mass Communications, Harambee, Steering Committee, Cultural Center, etc.

Consider this an invitation for You!! The Drum is searching for writers, photographers, artists and reliable dependable people ready to take care of business. We need each other to maintain the top quality magazine the Drum has proved to be.

Your True Brother,

*Roy I. Jones
Editor, The Drum*

43/50/D7

DEC 10 1987

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Please feel free to lend your support to *Bro. Billy* in any way which may be useful. Thank you!

